

MINIATURE



UNDER
THE
WINDOW



AFTER
KATE GREENAWAY

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MINIATURE
UNDER THE WINDOW
Pictures & Rhymes
for Children
after
KATE GREENAWAY



NEW YORK :
McLOUGHLIN BROS.



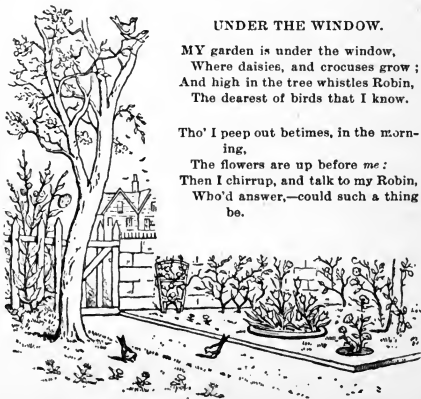
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by
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UNDER THE WINDOW.

MY garden is under the window,
Where daisies, and crocuses grow ;
And high in the tree whistles Robin,
The dearest of birds that I know.

Tho' I peep out betimes, in the morn-
ing,
The flowers are up before me :
Then I chirrup, and talk to my Robin,
Who'd answer,—could such a thing
be.





THE GO-CART.

IN Go-cart so tiny,
My Sister I drew;
I've promised to draw her,
The wide world through.

We haven't yet started,
I own it with sorrow ;
Because our trip always,
Is left till to-morrow !

So on this fine morning,
We're out once again ;
To gather sweet flowers,
That grow in the lane.

And sister, and brother,
And I, as you see ;
Are joyous and happy,
As children should be !





POOR DICKEY!

Poor Dickey's dead—The bell we toll,
And lay him in the deep, dark hole.
The sun may shine, the clouds may rain
But Dick will never pipe again!
His quilt will be as sweet as ours,—
Bright buttercups, and cuckoo flowers.



TOMMY AND JIMMY.

WHAT is Tommy running for?
Running for,
Running for ;
What is Tommy running for ?
On this fine day ?

Jimmy after Tommy runs,
Tommy runs,
Tommy runs,
Jimmy after Tommy runs,
On this fine day !



Now, perhaps you'll ask me why,
Ask me why,
Ask me why ;
Now, perhaps you'll ask me why—
Why so fast they go ?

Sure am I, you'll never tell,
Never tell,
Never tell ;
Sure am I, you'll never tell,
For you'll never know !



THE TWO BOYS.

A BUTCHER's boy, and a Baker's boy,
Met on a Summer day ;
Said the Butcher's boy, to the Baker's boy,
" Now please to walk my way."



Said the Butcher's boy, to the Baker's boy,
" My trade's the best in town ;"
" If *you* say that," says the Baker's boy,
" I'll have to knock *you* down."

Said the Butcher's boy, to the Baker's boy,
" That's a thing you cannot do ;
And I think before you knock *me* down,
I'd better trip up *you* !"



RING the bell, ring !
Hurrah for the King !
The dunce fell into the pool, Oh !
The groom and the cook,
Fished him out with a hook ;
For he was going to school, Oh !

Then he piped his eye,
And shook himself dry ;
And looked like a terrible fool, Oh !
So now let us dance,
And give him a chance ;
To sit on the dunce's stool, Oh !



TOMMY TODDYHIGH.

SILLY Tommy Toddyhigh,
Once took his Sister Prue ;
And went to play upon the bridge,
To show what he could do."
Then, to frighten Sister Prue,
He said, " now see me fly ;"
He tried, and nearly broke his neck !
Did Tommy Toddyhigh.
Jacky raised him by the leg,
While Tom did sadly cry ;
He wished he hadn't left the bridge,
Did Tommy Toddyhigh.





HIGGLEDY, PIGGLEDY.

HIGGLEDY, Piggledy! see how they run!
Hopperty, Popperty, what is the fun?
Has the Sun, or the Moon, tumbled into the Sea?
What is the matter, now tell unto me.

Higgledy, Piggledy, how can I tell?
Hopperty, Popperty, hark to the bell!
Big ones, and little ones, scamper away,
For nobody knows, what will happen to-day!



SOMEWHERE TOWN.

How shall I travel to Somewhere town?

Oh! up in the morning early;
Over the tiles, and the chimney-pots,
That is the way, quite clearly.

And which is the door, to Somewhere town?

Oh! up in the morning early;
The round red Sun, is the door I'm sure,
That is the way, quite clearly.

And what shall I see, in Somewhere town?

Oh! up in the morning early;
I'll see the place, where the Moon goes down,
And the Stars, are born, quite clearly!



BROOMSTICK RIDE.

LITTLE boys, and
little girls,
Will you come
and ride ;
On my pretty
broomstick,
Flying far and
wide.

First around the blazing Sun,
And then around the Moon ;
And then around the steeple,
To hear a merry tune.



THE MISS PELLICOES.

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Of course to school were sent ;
Their parents wished them taught,
In each accomplishment.

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Played music-fa-la-la ;
Which made them every one,
The pride of their Papa.

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Learned dancing, and the globes ;
Which shows, they must have had,
The patience, which was Job's.

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Were twelve sweet little girls ;
Their hair was thick and soft,
But none of them had curls.

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Had dinner every day ;
A not uncommon thing, at all,
You probably will say.

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Went sometimes for a walk ;
It also is a well-known fact,
That most of them could talk !

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
Were always most polite ;
And always said "good morning,"
And also said "good night."

The twelve Miss Pellicoës,
You plainly see were taught ;
That things, they didn't like,
Were always, what they ought.

About these twelve Miss Pellicoës,
I've nothing more to say.
So fare you well, Miss Pellicoës,
I wish you a good day !



THE SHUTTLECOCKS.

Up you go, Shuttlecocks, ever so high!
When you get up, in the sunny blue sky,
Why do you fall again, Shuttlecocks, why?
Up you go, Shuttlecocks, flyign so far!
Rising and falling, how pretty you are:
Light as the thistle-down, bright as the stars.





GOING TO TEA.

YOU'RE going out to tea to-day,
Be careful what you do ;
Let all accounts that I shall hear,
Be pleasant ones, of you.

Don't spill your tea, or gnaw your bread,
And don't tease one another ;
And Fanny mustn't talk too much,
Or quarrel with her brother.

Say "If you please," and "Thank you,"
Come home at eight o'clock ;
And Ethel, pray be careful, dear,
And do not tear your frock.

Now mind your manners, children five,
Attend to what I say ;
And then, perhaps, I'll let you go,
Again, another day.





CAKCLING GEESE.

SOME Geese went out a-walking,
To breakfast, and to dine ;
They hissed, and cackled noisily,
And numbered, four from nine.

A dame went out a-walking,
A cross, and crabbed erone ;
She said, " I wish that all you geese,
Were starved to skin and bone !"

But still they kept a-cackling,
With harsh, and hissing tone ;
And so I left these noisy geese,
And still more noisy crone.





THREE FUNNY BONNETS.

POPPERTY, Poggy,
And Polly you see ;
Out with their playthings,
A picture of glee.

Three funny bonnets,
On three little girls ;
Pinafores tidy,
But never a curl.

Dressed in their bonnets,
They thought it such fun ;
To run thro' the showers,
Or play in the sun.

But naughty boys often,
Would cry out in play ;
Oh! here's the three Grannies,
Out walking to-day !





GOING-A-MAYING.

Oh! ring the bells, Oh! ring the bells!
And while they're sweetly chiming ;
Our flowers so gay, we'll give away,
With words of merry rhyming.

Oh! ring the bells, Oh! ring the bells!
We must not long be staying ;
For May has come, and May will go,
While we are here delaying.

Then ring the bells, Oh! ring the bells!
We'll sing a song with any ;
May every year, bring *you* good cheer,
And each of us a penny.





A PRETTY STORY.

"Now all of you, give heed unto,
A tale I shall relate ;
Of Fanny, Madge, and little Tom,
A Cat, and a green Gate !

And Fanny had a basket full,
Of what—I cannot say ;
But up the road, she slowly went,
While Pussy mewed at play.

And Madge, and Tom, came on
behind,
With doll, and whip so gay ;
The gate was green, the Cat was
black,
And bright, the lovely day.

But when they reached the garden
Gate,
Now what I say is true ;—
The story's gone from my poor
head,
And so, good bye to you !"



PRINCE FINIKIN.

PRINCE FINIKIN and his Mamma,
Sat sipping their bohea ;
" Good gracious," said his highness,
" What girl is this I see ?"

" Most certainly, she cannot be,
A native of our town."
And then he looked at his Mam-
ma,
And set his tea-cup down.

But Dolly, simply looked at them,
And did not speak a word ;
" She has no voice," said Finikin,
" It's really absurd."

Then Finikin's Mamma replied,
" Dear Prince, it seems to me ;
She looks, as if she'd like to
drink,
A cup of my Bohea !"

So Finikin poured out the tea,
And gave her currant pie ;
Then said unto his dear Mamma,
" How kind a Prince am I !"



GOING-A-MAYING.

Oh! ring the bells, Oh! ring the bells
We bid you all, " Good morning :"
Give thanks we pray, our flowers are gay,
And fair for your adorning.

Oh! ring the bells, Oh! ring the bells!
Good friends, accept our greeting ;
Where we have been, the woods are green,
And fast the Spring is fleeting.

Oh! ring the bells, Oh! ring the bells!
For this fair time of Maying ;
We blossoms bring, and while we sing,
Oh! hark to what we're saying.





THREE LITTLE SAILORS.

"YES, it is sad of them—
Shocking to-see !
Yes, it is bad of them—
Bad of all three !

Warnings they've had of me—
Still I repeat them ;
Cold is the water too,—
Fishes will eat them !

Yet, they *will* row about,
Though I say "fie ;"
Though father may scold,
And mother may cry "



THE TABBIES.

THREE old ladies, lean and fat,
Met to have a pleasant chat ;
Down upon three chairs they sat,
Tell me what you think of that ?

Each one brought, a "tabby" there,
Soft and silken, plump and fair ;
Pretty, purring, pussies, rare,
Guarding each her mistress' chair !

Chairs, and cats, and gossips three,
Waiting for their cups of tea ;
Tell me darling, tell to me—
How many "tabbies" here you see ?



THREE LITTLE BOYS.

"WHERE are you going, you three little boys,
And where are you going to-day?"

"We're going to look for a sweet apple tree,
And in the green meadow to play."

"For what are you longing, you three little boys,
And what would you like to eat?"

"We would like some apples, and ginger bread,
And a fine big drum to beat."

"What will you give me, you three little boys,
In exchange for these good things?"

"A long-tailed kite, a top, and a ball,
And a little brown bird, that sings."

"But that will not do, you little rogues three,
I'll have somethin' better than that ;
Some pretty green snails, you must seek till you find,
And bring them to me, in your hats."



WHAT BESSIE WAS READING.

Beneath the Lilies,—tall, white
garden Lilies—

The Princess slept, a charmed
sleep alway :

For, ever were the fairy Bluebells
ringing.

Forever thro' the Night, and
thro' the Day.

Ere long, a Prince came riding in
the sunshine—

A wind just swayed the Lilies
to and fro :

It woke the Princess, tho' the
Bluebell music,

Kept ringing, ringing, sleepily
and low.



CRAZY DAN.

OH! what an ugly, queer old man!
The neighbors call him crazy Dan.
He sometimes breaks the children's toys,
And loves to scare the girls and boys.

He's caught poor Billy, as you see,
Who seems in sad distress to be;
And cries as loud, as cry he can,
And kicks the shins of crazy Dan!

Old Dan, enjoys his loud alarms,
And holds him, in his skinny arms;
But soon he'll set poor Billy free,
And let him scamper home to tea.

LITTLE MAIDEN.



AIRY, fairy, little Maiden,

Will you be my little wife?

If you wed me, dainty darling,

You shall happy be for life!

You shall have a bonnet pretty,

With a feather long and white;

Store of gay and lovely dresses,

Shoes, and gloves, and ribands bright.

And a tiny house, to live in,

And a beehive, full of bees;

And a loving little husband,

Who will pet you, when you please.

And a woolly coat, and mittens,

And a brindle cow, and calf:

With a tabby cat, and kittens,

That will play, and make you laugh.

Ev'ry other day, for dinner,

You shall have a cherry pie;

And upon the softest cushions,

Like a little lady lie.

Tell me, precious little maiden,

Tell me now, and tell me true,

Will you love me dear forever,

Just as much, as I love you?





THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

THREE little girls, sat on a rail,
Sat on a rail,
Sat on a rail ;
Three little girls, sat on a rail,
One fine hot day in September.

What did they say, on that fine day ?
On that fine day,
On that fine day ;
What did they say, on that fine day ?
That fine hot day in September.

They talked about the crows and corn,
The crows, and corn,
The crows, and corn ;
They talked about, the crows and corn,
That fine hot day in September !





POLLY AND SUSY.

LITTLE Polly, will you go, a-walking out to-day?
Little Susy, yes I will, if Mother says I may.
Little Polly, Mother dear, has said that you may go,
What a darling Mother mild, who never answers—no!

Come then, Little Susy, let us play upon the grass,
And chase the yellow butterflies, who flutter as we pass;
We'll dance about the meadow, where modest daisies spring,
And answer to the merry birds, that in the bushes sing.

So raise your pretty parasol, to shade us from the Sun,
And hold it over Dolly's cart, as up and down we run;
And there we'll gather blossoms sweet, to make a daisy chain,
And frolic till the shadows come, to call us home again.





MY HOUSE IS RED.

"My house is red, my little house,—
A happy child am I ;
And whether I'm at work or play,
The time goes swiftly by.

I have a tree, a bright green tree,
To shade me from the Sun ;
And under it, I often sit,
When all my work is done.

My little basket, then I fill,
With Hazel-nuts so brown ;
With flowers bright, I cover them,
And trip away to town.

I take them to the ladies there,
Who give me half a crown ;
And then I buy some currant-cake,
And back I come from town."





PIPE THEE HIGH.

PIPE thee high, and pipe thee low,
Let the little feet go faster ;
Blow your penny trumpet—blow ;
Well done, little master !

Pipe thee high, and pipe thee low,
How she dances, light and airy ;
Take her hand, as white as snow,
Dainty, little fairy !



AT THE GATE.

"PAPA and Mamma have gone to the town,
And they said, if a very good girl, I would be ;
That they would be home, when the Sun went down,
And bring back some pretty new toys for me.

And dear Mamma said, with a kiss and a smile,
"I'll look for a dolly, a dolly so gay ;
With pretty pink slippers, and long yellow curls,
To come here and play with my baby some day."

I've tried to be good, and my lessons I know,
And out at the gate, I am waiting to see—
Oh ! there they are now, at the foot of the hill,
And soon I shall know, what they're bringing to me !"





LITTLE TOMMY.

HERE's Tommy, out upon the green,—
The sweet and pleasant Spring has come ;
He sees the birds about him flit,
And hears the bees, with merry hum.

He's looking at the speckled hen,
And says the little chicks are " fun ;"
He loves to see them scratch for seeds,
And round about their mother run.

He hears the soaring merry lark,
Sing sweetly in the distant sky ;
And thinks,—a bird he'd like to be,
And with the pretty songster fly.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

'Tis true, Johnny Butcher, 'tis true,
Don't think I am playing you tricks ;
There's a man, and a dog in the Moon,
And he's cross, as a bundle of sticks !"

"And sometimes, they say, he comes down,
With a bagful of candies and toys ;
And then, Johnny Butcher look out,
For he takes away all the bad boys !"





PRETTY PATTY.

Now, the rain has passed away,
Fast the storm is flying
Pretty Patty, patient waits,
While the grass is drying.

"Shall I sing?" says Robin Red,
"Shall I bloom?" says flower ;
"Shall I come?" says shining Sun,
"Shall I rain?" says shower.

"Sing your song, my pretty bird,
Bloom, my lovely flower ;
Come again, my pretty Sun,
And dry the naughty shower?"





THE PROUD GIRL.

YES, that's the girl that struts about,
So very proud—so very proud!
Her dog is quite as proud as she
And both are very wrong to be
So proud—so very proud!

And Jane, and Willy laugh at her,
Because she is so very proud.
Says Jane, "My stars! just see her walk."
Says Will, "now, can the doggie talk?
He looks so very proud!"



ROLLING HOOPS.

OH! roll away. Oh! roll away!
As far and fast, as you can run;
Whoever can the fastest go,
Will surely be the winning one.

Now, helter—skelter—off you roll!
But Fanny stubs her little toe;
And sadly falls upon the ground,
While swiftly on the others go.

But soon, she'll get upon her feet,
And with the others race away;
And if she doesn't beat them now,
Perhaps she will another day.





THE GARDEN WALL.

LITTLE Miss Patty, and Master Paul,
Have found two snails, on the garden wall.
"These snails," said Paul, "how slow they walk ;
A great deal slower, than we can talk.
Make haste, Mr. Snail, go faster I pray ;
In a race with our tongues, you'd be beaten to-day."
Then said Miss Patty, in accents mild ;
For Patty, though small, is a thoughtful child—
"If *safely* and *far*, you would wish to go;—
Why *slow* and *sure*, is the pace you know."





IN THE GREEN MEADOW.

In the green meadow,
The brook ripples clear ;
Soft, in the sunshine,
The daisies appear.

See, how the buttercups,
Brightly unfold ;
Hid in the shining grass,
Yellow as gold.

Three little maidens,
Like birds on the wing ;
Fair as the morning dew,
Merrily sing.

Blow little breeze,
On the hill-top and plain ;
Play in the sunshine,
And blow off the rain.





WE SAW A SHIP.

WE saw a ship, that sailed the sea.
It left us as the Sun went down.
The white birds flew, and followed it,
To town—to London town!



Right sad were we, to stand alone.
And see it sail, so far away ;
And yet we knew, some ship would come,
Some other ship, some other day.

It seemed to sink, beneath the wave,
Until it vanished from our eyes ;
And with the Sun went down at last,
Just as the yellow Moon did rise !



FISHING ON THE BRIDGE.

THE finest, biggest fish you see,
Will be the trout, that's caught
by me ;
But if the beauty will not bite,
Then we may hook a little mite.

We'll take him home, and have a
dish,
Of crispy, juicy, buttered fish ;
So whether small, or large he be,
We'll have at least, a fish for tea.



THE VILLAGE WALK.

As I walked through
The village street ;
The steeple bells,
Were ringing ;

And baby nestled,
In my arms ;
And clear, the birds
Were singing.

And sweet in every
Garden bed ;
The lovely flowers,
Were springing.

But not so sweet,
As baby's arms ;
Which round my neck,
Were clinging.—

Nor half so bright,
As baby's eyes,
With love, and joy,
So brimming !





THE LITTLE FAT GOBLIN.

THIS little fat Goblin,
A terrible sinner ;
Stole cabbages daily,
For breakfast, and dinner

The farmer looked angry,
And scolded in vain :
" That rogue has been stealing,
My cabbage again."

Then laughed little Goblin
A merry, ha! ha!
" Before me he catches,
He'll run very far."

And little fat Goblin,
Ran off from the farm ;
Taking a cabbage-head,
Under each arm !





OVER THE WALL.

OVER the wall, we are looking, and why ?
The King, and his courtiers, will soon pass by ;
The Queen and her ladies, will ride this way,
And that's why we look from the wall to-day.

All mounted on horseback, so gallant, and free,
The King, and the Queen, and the Court you will see ;
In silver and gold, will the courtiers appear,
And that's why we're waiting so patiently here.

With waving of banners, and beating of drums,
And sounding of trumpets, so gaily they come ;
So fathers, and mothers, and maidens and all,
We're laughing, and looking, from over the wall.





ON THE SHORE.

THE Sea is calm,
The Moon is up ;
The pretty boats,
Are on the wing.

Come let us join
Our hands about ;
And on the sand,
We'll dance and sing.

The wind may fall,
The wind may rise ;
And you may go,
Or you may stay.

But you will come,
If you are wise ;
And dance with us,
The hours away.





FANNY AND WILLIE.

LITTLE Fanny wears a hat,
Like her ancient "Grannie."
Willie's hoop was given him,
By his sister Fanny.

Fair, and like a lady, she—
Neither proud, nor silly ;
Likes to take her morning walk,
Out, with brother Willie.



FIVE LITTLE SISTERS.

FIVE little sisters, walking in a row,
Isn't that a pretty way, for little girls to go ?
Each has a round hat, and each a furry muff ;
And each has a little coat, of green and silken stuff.

Five little marigolds, standing in a row,
Isn't that a pretty way, for marigolds to grow ?
Each with a green stalk, nodding ev'ry one :
And a yellow flow'r bright, shining in the Sun.



LITTLE BABY.

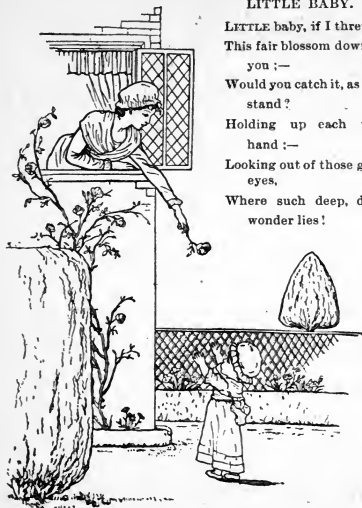
LITTLE baby, if I threw,
This fair blossom down to
you ;—

Would you catch it, as you
stand ?

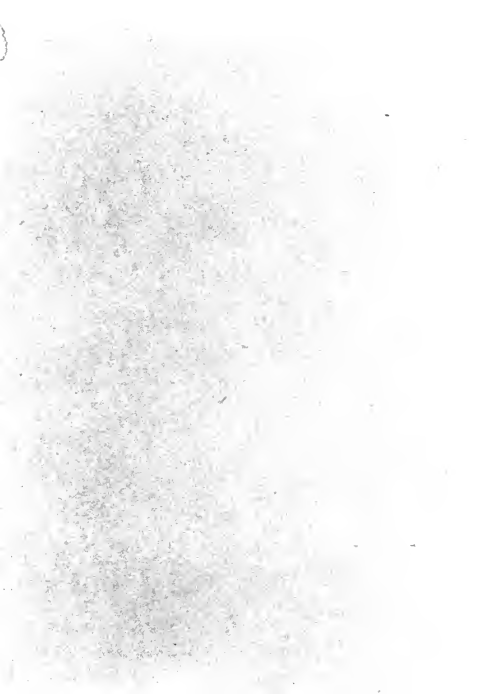
Holding up each tiny
hand ;—

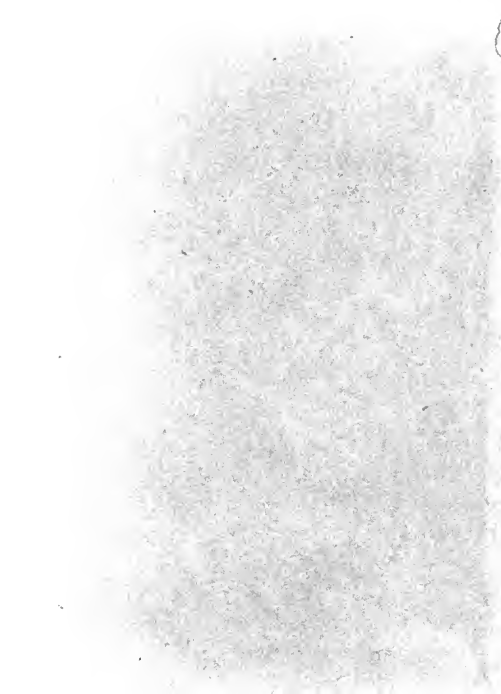
Looking out of those gray
eyes,

Where such deep, deep
wonder lies !









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